LODGE OF SORROW

The Elks' Memorial Services at Grand Opera House,

BEAUTIFUL AND IMPRESSIVE.

Eloquent Addresses by Mr. John Galvin, of Cincinnati Lodge, and Rev. C. E. Clark, of Thomson M. E. Church-An Appropriate Musical Programme-A Large Audience Prescut at the Services Yesterday Afternoon.

The lodge of sorrow held at the Grand Opera House yesterday afternoon, in memory of the deceased members of Wheeling Lodge, No. 28, Benevolent Protective Order of Elks, attracted a splendid audience, and the services were beautiful and impressive. The addresses of Mr. John Gaivin, of Cincinnati Lodge, No. 5, and Rev. C. E. Clark, of Thomson M. E. church, were excellent efforts, and evoked flattering comment. The other features of the programme were

The character of the exercises was appropriately set forth on the stage. The names of the departed brothers were inscribed at the base of a tall white shaft, which was garianded with lvy. Around the base of the shaft were heaped flowers, and paims placed judiciously around the stage heightened the effect. The deceased members are: Samuel A Miller, R. J. Mansfield, Joseph Meirose, Raiph Wilmarth, Samuel Letzkus W. M. Davis, Robert B. Simpson, Albert D. Adler, A. D. Garden, T. J. Geraghty, A. C. Sprague, John D. Brown, J. F. Kline, Kate Castieton, an honorary member,
The members of Wheeling lodge occupled seats to the from of the theatre, and on the stage besides the speakers were Exalled Ruier Joseph Ward and Secretary John Richardson. The Opera House orchestra played an overture as a prelude to the memorial services. The audience joined in singing the opening ode, and Rev. A. G. Robb made the prayer.

Mr. Will B. Day's sole, "The Light of oppropriately set forth on the stage.

ode, and Rev. A. G. Robb made the prayer,
Mr. Will B. Day's solo: "The Light of the World," was sung with pretty effect. After another selection by the Opera-House orchestra, Mrs. Flora Williams sang "I Know that My Redeemer Liveth" in her usual Finsned manner. The effogy—"On: Firernally Absent Brothers"—was then delivered by Mr. Galvin, who said:
BEAUTOR Ruler, Brother Elks, Ladies and sentlemen:—
"When to the flowers so beautiful

d owntiemen:—

"When to the flowers so beautiful
The Father gave a mame,
Dack came a little blue-eyed one
(All timidly it came,
And standing at the Father's feet,
And gazing in His face,
It said in low and trembling tones,
Dear God, the name Thou gavest me,
Alas, I have forgot.

kindly the Father Jooked him down
And said, Forget-me-not."

And said, 'Forget-me-not.' "
This timid but beautiful little flower, symbolic of love and tenderness, is the loral emblem of our order, and once a vear, on the first Sunday in December, in accordance with our law, we neet in sacred session to place the sweet forget-me-not, together with the tharanth of immortality and the clinging livy of devoted friendship upon the nemorial tablets whereon are enrolled he names of our eternally absent prothers.

It is not intended that sorrow and tears should be the prevailing influ-ences in these sacred session. We be-lieve that sorrow should be but a fleetleve that sorrow should be but a fleeting shadow crossing the sunshine of our
lives; that the heart should be so full
of the gladness and sweetness of life as
to leave little abiding place there for
grief. Sorrow comes to us unsought,
unbidden, and unwelcomed. It should
be like an unwelcome guest, accorded
no place at our heartistons.

The purpose, therefore, of these memorals services is not so much to greye

is in our turn, and to prepare curretyes or that and for the reumion with these, our loved ones, in that place where no nemorial services are ever held, and where absences are unknown, and where all is peace, and light, and hap-

And with what tender feelings we call those little deeds and words of lindness, that perhaps in life were passed by unnoticed; and though those memories are accompanied by a sadness, it is a sadiess that we would not exchange for any scenes of reveiry or gatety if purchased at the price of forgetfulness. Sad memories are sometimes the sweetest after all. And should these memories call up bitter recollections of duties unperformed on our part, or of offenses committed, though the too late to make reparation to the dead, let it act as a warning and a guard over our conduct toward the living. For, surely as we think of those absent, dear ones, there will arise before us a hundred little occasions on which we fancy we might have been more considerate, more thoughful, more patient, more sympathetic, more betore us a hundred little occasions on which we fancy surplied to considerate, more thoughtful, more patient, more sympathetic, more brotherly, or perhaps even more charitable; and we sincerely wish we had been. It all teaches us a lesson that we need to be careful how we deai with those about us, when every death carryies to some circle of survivors thoughts of so much omitted, and so little done, of so many things forgotten, and so many more which might have been repaired. There is no remorse so deep as that which is unavailing. If we would be spared its fortures, let us remember this in time.

"If thou dost blid thy friend farewell, Though but far one which the stime."

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"If thou dost blid thy friend farewell, Though but far one which the stime." call those little deeds and words -kindness, that perhaps in life we passed by unnoticed; and though the

lilis in time.
"If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
Though but for one night that farewell be,
Press thou his paim without thine;
How canst thou tell howe far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his feet?
Men have been known to lightly turn
The corner of a street.
And days have grown to months and
months.
To wears years are they have

To weary years ere they have Looked in loving eyes again.

"Parting at best is underlaid with tears—
With tears and pain.
Therefore lest sudden death should come
between,
Or time or distance,
Clasp with pressure true the hand
Of him that goeth forth—unseen fate
specification,
Yea, find thou always time to say
Some carriest words between the idle talk,
Lest with thes benefatorh day by day
Regret should walk."
Hit row left us turn for a moment to

Regret with thes beneeforth day by day
Regret should waik."

But now let us turn for a moment to
those dear absent ones whose memories
we enlogize to-day. They are dead.
For them mirth pauses, the scourge is
withheld, the menace stayed, Joy rests
her fluttering wings, pain's sting is
withdrawn and sorrow knows her evertasting surcease. They are at rest.
They sleep under the solumn pines, the
sad hernlocke, the tearful willows and
the embracing vines. They sleep bemeath the shadows of the clouds, caretiess alike of the stinshine or of storm,
cach in the windowless palace of rest.
In the winter, the pure snow, white
than their marble shafts, is their robe.
In the springtime the grass and flowers,
teautiful emblems of another life, grow
and biossom on their graves, but all unneeded, for they sleep on. To the suppressed sob of dear ones over the tomb
of the falling tear they are alike oblivious. The ships crowd the busy marts

of trade and plow the ocean with their commerce; the rivers still run on to the sea; the merry laughter of children rings out on the streets and echoes over the smiling fields; the curtains of night fall upon the earth and a million stars shine out from the empyreal dome of the skies; Apollo stands in his charlot and still holds the reins and lashes his steeds with fury along the well-beaten pathway of the sun; the music of the spheres rolls on through the universe and dies away like the sweet strains of the harp Acolus, but to all alike oblivious, our dear "absent brothers" sleep on in the graves where our brethren have laid them.

In life they labored diligently with us in disseminating and practicing the great underlying, fundamental principles of our order—charity, justice, brotherly love, and fidelity. They cooperated with us to make our days less hurdensome, and to embower life's pathway with fadeless flowers of enjoyment, peace and love. Side by side with us they shared in the rich treasures of rare enjoyment, of good fellow-ship, of close companionship, which flow from association with our beloved order. Hand in hand with us they discharged the solemn obligations resting upon sill of us in common. Together we endeavored to succor the distressed, to cheer the dispondent, to aid the unfortunate, and to carry sunlight and warmth into the gloomy abodes of misery. Jointly we sought to dispel pain with pleasure, to give smiles for tears, and laughter for grief. And in obedience to the solemn injunction laid upon us we did these things in secret, without ostentation or parade, and in such a manner as not to touch the pride of or bring the blush of shame or humiliation to those who, either by misfartune or by their own faults or frailities (we stopped not to laquire which), had become the beneficiaries of our efforts.

But what beyond? Is death the end of all? Is it all when we close the eyes, when we spread the winding sheet over the dead and shut up the room- Is it all when with beautiful service we bury our

morn.
And the graves of our dead with the grass overgrown.
May yet form the footsteel of liberty's

overgrown,
May yet form the footsteel of liberty's
throne,
And each single wreek in the warfare of
might
Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

Shall yet be a rock in the temple of right."

My brothers, in our circles of membership, each year finds a familiar face gone, another brother called from life on eagth into life eternal, and as they rest in that land beyond the river of the chilling waters, where power has no purple, the church no hereties, wealth no palaces and penury no pain, I feel that they can look back and see their old associates paying loying tribute to them in these memorial services.

"If the spirits of the dead revisit carth for weal or wee,

weal or wee.

We might fancy they would join us, those friends of long ago.

Hushi. Who knows what ghostly comrades may have come with noiseless feet.

In the old familiar friendliness to make our band complete.

onr band complete."

In conclusion, my brothers of Wheeling ladge, I thank you for the privilege of being with you on this occasion and for the opportunity afforded me of mingling my tears with yours, but, seeing through the rain of grief the irridescence of a splendid hope, I lay this immortale on the throbless breasts of your dear dead.

Wholessen, E. W. W. C. W

"Heimgang," So the German people Whisper when they hear the bell Tolling from some gray old steeple, Death's familiar tale to tell When they hear the organ surges Swelling out from chapel dome, And the singers charting direct, Heimgang, always going home.

" Heimgang." Quaint and tender saying, In the grand old German tongue. That hath shaped Melanchibon's praying, And the hymns that Listher sung. Blessed is our loving Maker,

Still we journey towards 'God's Acre, 'Hleimgang,' always going home.

"Heimgang,' always going home.

"Heimgang.' We are all so weary, And the willows as they wave, Softly sighing, sweetly, dreary. Woe us to the tranguil grave; When the goiden pitcher's broken, With its dregs and with its foam, And the lender words are spoken, 'Heimgang,' we are gaing home.'

Mr. Charles Zulauf then sang a beautiful selection very creditably, 'My God and Father While I Stray,' after which Rev. C. E. Clarke made an address on 'Brotherhood.'

Brotherhood, said he, was the great thought that had dominated the lives of all great men. Modern writers are thought that had dominated the lives of all great men. Modern writers are thothers. Yet if we go back to the earliest history of the world we find the idea of brotherhood. This idea of brothhood is one of the great forces for the elevation of mankind. God has given the idea not only in family but in other relations, and the speaker was certain there never lived an epoch-maker who hadn't caught the spirit of bringing the world into one common brotherhood. Rev. Mr. Clark cited John Ruskin, the artist-author, born in the lap of luxury, but who reduced himself to poverty by helping-London's poor; and that he set up a studio that the poor mishr get a chance to enjoy art, besides giving lectures to workingmen's clubs. Ruskin's solishness received from Mr. Clark allowing tribute.

He hoped for the day when men would stand shoulder to shoulder bearing each other's burdens. This is probably the greatest generation that ever existed, but its greatness does not consist in the arts, but that it is our business to elevate the whole as well as the individual. Our hoppitals, our *asylums and our other similag institutions are monuments of this century's march toward the spirit of brotherhood. The credit of all this is due to One Man, of whom too little is heard.

Referring to class distinctions, Mr. Clark said that the rich class are some unworthy men, and the poorer class that not all rich men ar

the men who every day walk the streets. What the world wants is men, whom no sect nor opinion can separate from the feeling of common brotherhood. In closing Rev. Mr. Clark made an invocation for the giving of this spirit to the Elks and all brotherhoods having fraternal principles. He expressed a very pretty sentiment in referring to the spirit of God in the heart of a Frenchman, who during his life had so stinted himself that he was known as a miser; yet, with his money he built bridges and gave other practical benefits to the poor, so that when his philanthropy became known by his will after his death, he was justly termed a hero. This Frenchman may not have belonged to any one religion, said Mr. Clark, but he had God and the spirit brotherhood in his heart.

Mrs. Williams, Messrs. Day and Zulauf then sang "Hark, What Means Those Holy Voices," after which the orchestra played another selection. The closing ceremonies consisted of the regulation lodge ceremonies, followed by the benediction.

Held at Wesley M. E. Church Yesterday-Is the First of a Series Under Auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Auspices of the W. C. T. U.

Yesterday there was an all day meeting at the Wesley M. E. church, South Side, the first of a seriea to be held under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union. At the moralag service, Miss' Lizzie Bood preached a powerful sermon. In the afternoon, Mrs. Sissen, of the local union, spoke and at night Miss Boyd was the principal speaker. This was the first of a series of all day evangelical meetings to be held at a number of the churches of Wheeling under W. C. T. U. auspices, the second occurring text Sunday at the Zane Street M. E. church, when Miss Boyd will be the principal speaker. The lady, who owns Wheeling as her home, has been prominent in the evangelical work of the W. C. T. U. for several years. Yesterday's meeting

THE RIVER.

YESTERDAY'S DEPARTURES.

BOATS LEAVING TO-DAY.

Along the Landing.

The marks at 6 p. m. showed 6 feet 8 rches. Weather, cloudy with snow

RIVER TELEGRAMS. RIVER TELEGRAMS.

PITTSBURGH — River 6.2 feet and rising at the dam. Clear and cold.

GREENSBORO — River 15 feet and riching. Cloudy and cold. James G. Blaine and Florence Belle passed down Monday; Adam Jacobs and Nellie Hud-

MORGANTOWN - Blver 8 feet 4

MORGANTOWN — Blver 8 feet 4 inches and rising. Cloudy and cold. STEUBENVILLE — River 5 feet 7 inches and falling. Cloudy and cold. Passed up: Ben Bur, Kanawha, Keystone State. The Adelle passed down. WARREN — River 2 feet 7 inches. Cold and cloudy. OIL CITY—River 2 feet 4 inches and rising. Cloudy and colder. BROWNSVILLE — River 15 feet 6 inches and rising eight inches an hour.

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How to Prevent Pneumonia.

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This is the only remedy that is known to be a certain preventive of pneumonia. Among the many thousands who have used it for colds and in grippe, we have never fet learned of a single case lawing resulted in pneumonia. Persons who have weak lungs or have reason to fear an attack of pneumonia, should keep the remedy at hand. The 25 and 56 cent sizes for sale by druggists.

DOES your head feel as though some-one was harmoring it; as though a million sparks were dying out of, the eyes? Have you horrible lickness of the stomach? Burdock Blood Bitters will cure you.

AMUSEMENTS.

AMUSEMENTS.

Notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather Saturday evening, it was a large audience that filled the Opera House and greeted Charles Cogalan in "The Royal Box." This dramatic adaptation of one of the younger Dumas' most powerful conceptions, is by Mr. Coghlan, and the actor's reputationtion does not suffer through comparison with the playwright's work. The piece is filled with situations that give both the star and supporting company opportunities for acting throughout, and to say that the opportunities were taken advantage of is a mere statement of fact. The impersonation of the talented actor Clarence, by Mr. Coghlan, with his reckless abundon impulsiveness and chivalry, was received with enthusiasm by the auditence, Mr. Ratcliffe's "Prince of Wales" was a finished piece of acting; he was the roug throughout, and like the George who left his huge blot on England's history. Mrs. Thorndyke-Bloncicault's "Lady Felsen," and Miss Filkin's "Cella-Price," were up to the standard set by Messrs, Coghlan and Ratcliffe, especially Miss Filkins.

"A HOT OLD TIME."

"A HOT OLD TIME."

Regarding novelty, character and brilliancy, no comedy organization ever announced has such a decided advantage. When it is taken into consideration that the company embraces artists who are stars in their particular line, some idea may be obtained as to the real strength of the entertainment offered. Every one of the performers was selected with care and without regard to salary, thus securing a galaxy of talent unequalled in variety. The costuming and see nie details for "A Hot Old Time" are said to out-rival the most extravagant investment in that direction ever made in the production of a farre comedy. Grand Opera House, half weel beginning this evening.

FLIRTATION AND FIGHTING.

It was a happy idea on the part of Fyles and Belasco, the joint authors of The Girl I Left Behind Me," to place a ball scene in the second act. The place is Camp Kennion, an army outpost on the frontier. It doesn't matter where a pretty girl may be and how scant her wardrobe when it comes to getting up a ball, afid a milliary ball too, sine will find "fetching" costumes somewhere, even if she has to wear window curtains, and she will have a good time until the ballets begin to whistle. The strong contrast obtained by offering these impromptu festivities at the army post as a relief to the sombre background of danger is a splendid feature of this remarkably successful play. Filtration and faghting seem to come naturally to soldiers, and here they have opportunities for both, at the Opera House next Saturday.

"A CONTENTED WOMAN."

"A CONTENTED WOMAN."

Somehow there is an indescribable strength in Hoyt's trademark which appeals with a sort of magnetic influence to the minds of the most fashionable as well as the masses. This fact is forcibly demonstrated by the enormous demand for seats for the presentation in this city of Hoyt's masterplece, "A Contented Woman." at the Opera House next Wednesday evening. This comedy has been pronounced as being infinitely superfor to any of his previous writings. Be that as it may, it is pretty certain that it has added more to his bank account than any of the others. Everywhere the plece has been presented the theatres have had the seating capacity severely tested and "standing room only" has been the rule. Critics everywhere have been enther classically in the presented in its praises, not only for the eleverly constructed play, but the very enpable artists the management has engaged to present it. The scenery is said to be extremely fine, while the mustic of that bright and catchy order that readily appeals to the public cars. Miss Belle Archer will play the title role. readily appeals to the public ears. 2 Belie Archer will play the title rôle.

In "McFadden's Row of Flats," which will be seen at the Grand Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week day, Friday and Saturday of this week, will be shown all the different comedy sides of life as seen daily in the great metropolis of America. "The Five Points," which became so famous during the war of the rebellion, has been especially painted by Mesers, Hart & McDonald, the celebrated artists of New York's famous play house, the Fifth Avenue, wil be one of the reigning sensations to be witnessed by the many persons who will attend the above named comedy success.

d other exasperating diseases

ELY BROS., 56 Warren St., N. Y. City. kind ever since a boy, and I never hoped for cure, but Eig's Cream Baim seems to do even that. Many acquaintances have used It with excellent results.—Oscar Ostrum, 45 Warren Ave., Chienez II.

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"A HOT OLD TIME."

HIVES are not dangerous to life, but they are a profific breeder of misery and profanity. Doan's Ointment gives instant relief, even it, the worst cases of this and other are

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ment, the great altin cure, and mild doses of Curicuna RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

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